

# POLICE

54  
10

QUALITY  
COMICS  
GROUP

## COMICS 10¢

OCTOBER  
No. 47

Dr. SLICER tries to make  
**PLASTIC MAN**  
a HUMAN GUINEA PIG!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# New ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

**3¢ STAMP**

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

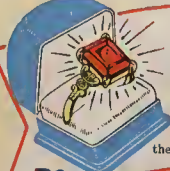
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

Color of Hair .....

Color of Eyes .....

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand-tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

**DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa**



## Given

### Your Choice of Valuable

## GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

### BIRTHSTONE RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

**6 TEASPOONS**

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

**SET OF DISHES**

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

**BASEBALL GAME**

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



**HOLSTER SET**

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

**WALKY-TALKY**

Given hours of entertainment. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

**SOFTBALL SET**

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.

**SEND TODAY**

**LEATHER BILLFOLD**

Fall sized leather billfold. **GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



**FOUNTAIN PEN**

Also pencil sets. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.



**POWERFUL TELESCOPE**  
**GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

**CAMERA**  
Candid type.

**GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as cash-folds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Gift Wanted .....

**GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa**

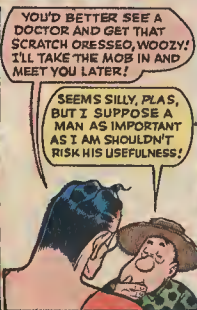
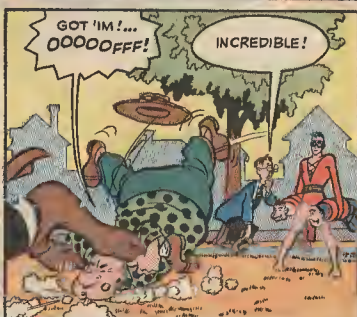
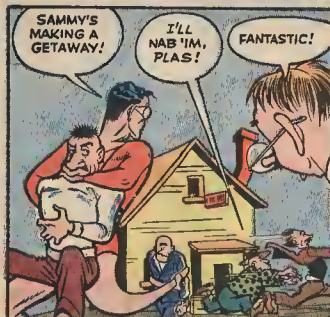
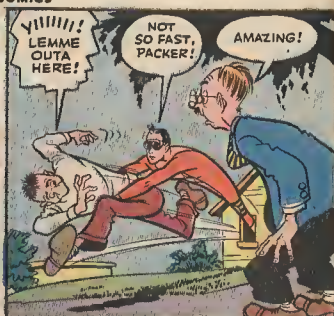
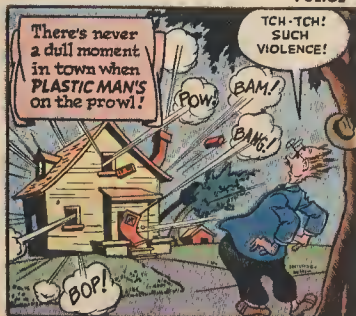
# PLASTIC MAN

NOW  
WATCH CLOSELY,  
STUDENTS, WHILE  
WE EXPLORE THE  
MYSTERY OF THE  
AGES... WHAT MAKES  
PLASTIC MAN  
STRETCH!

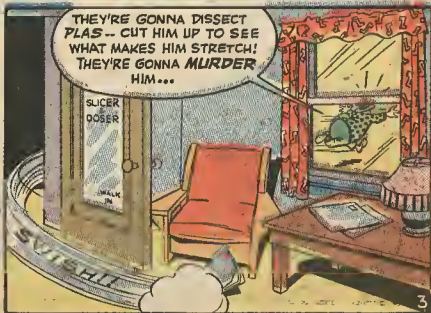
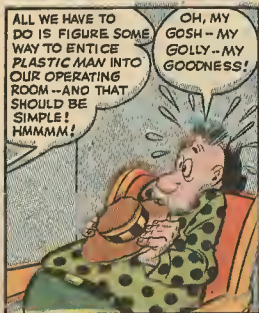
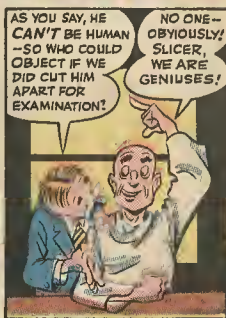
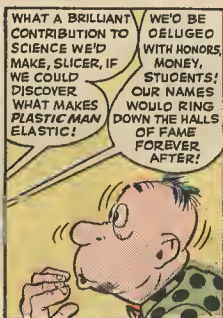
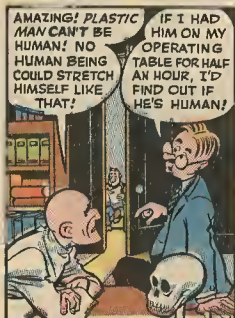
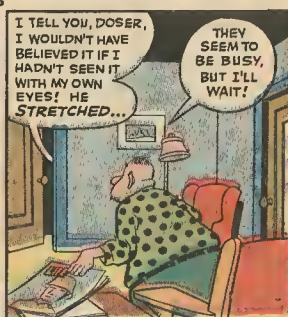
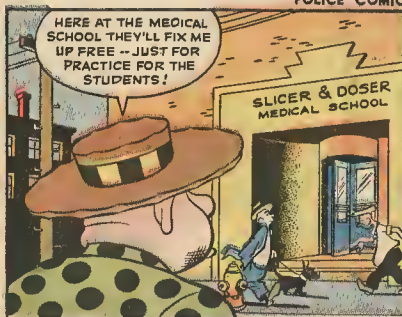
THIS DOCTOR  
RACKET LOOKS  
INTERESTING!  
MESSE I'LL  
TAKE IT UP  
MYSELF!



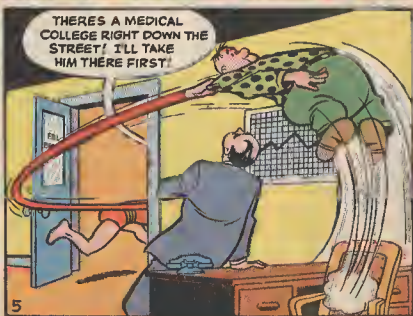
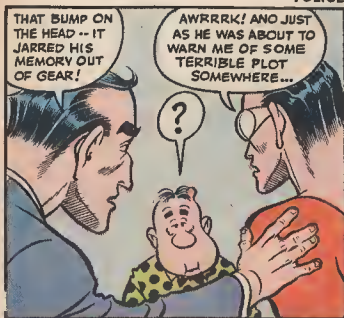
POLICE COMICS





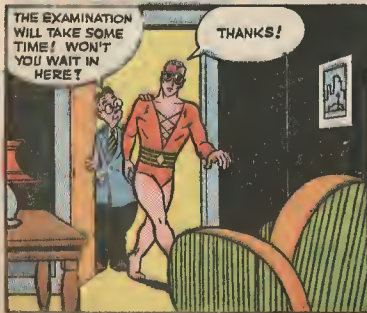
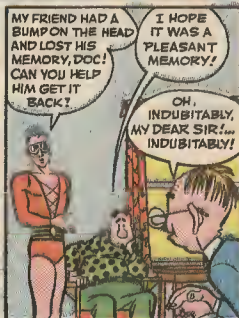
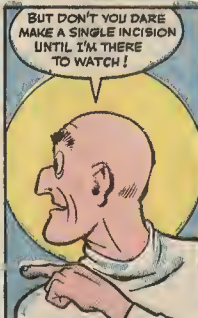
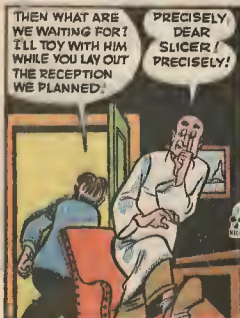
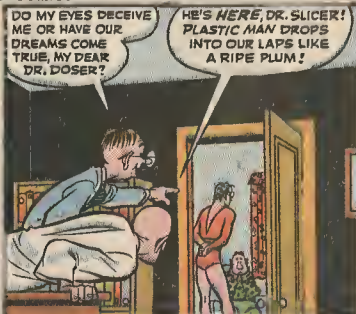




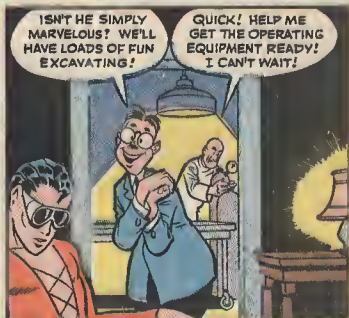
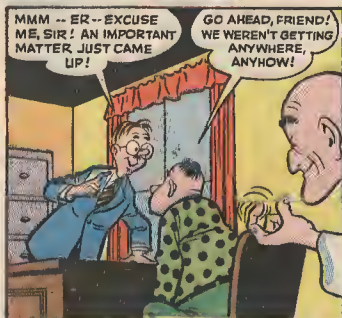
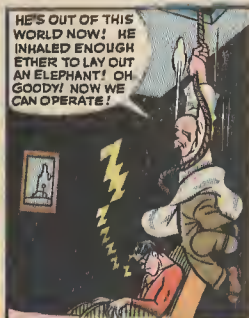
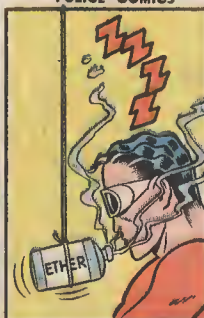




POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



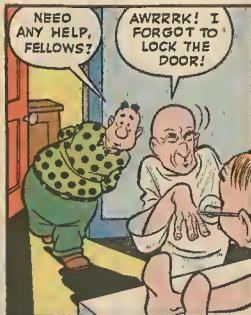




DID YOU REMEMBER TO GET OUR SCALPELS SHARPENED WHILE YOU WERE THERE?

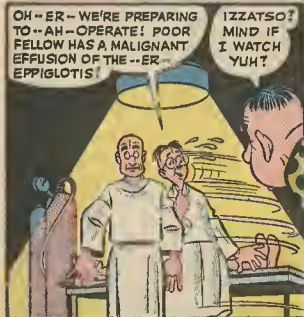


HMM·MMM·MM! WONDER WHAT THOSE TWO ARE DOING?



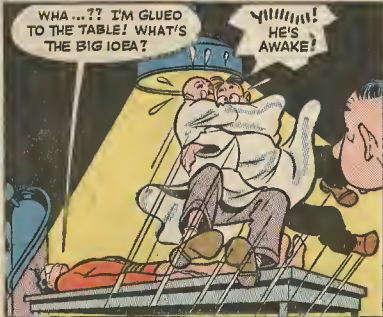
NEED ANY HELP, FELLOWS?

AWRRRK! I FORGOT TO LOCK THE DOOR!



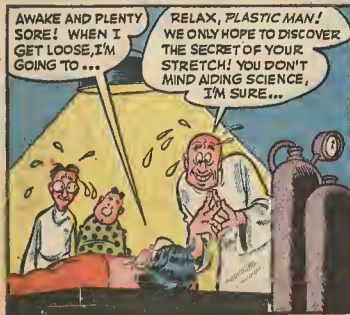
OH--ER--WE'RE PREPARING TO--AH--OPERATE! POOR FELLOW HAS A MALIGNANT EFFUSION OF THE--ER--EPPIGLOTIS!

IZZATSO? MIND IF I WATCH YUH?



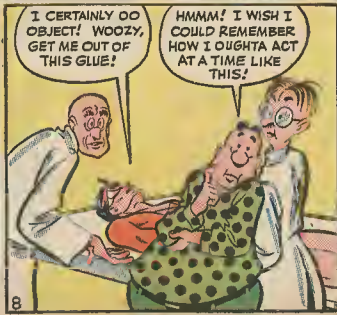
WHA...?? I'M GLUED TO THE TABLE! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

YUHHHH! HE'S AWAKE!



AWAKE AND PLENTY SORE! WHEN I GET LOOSE, I'M GOING TO ...

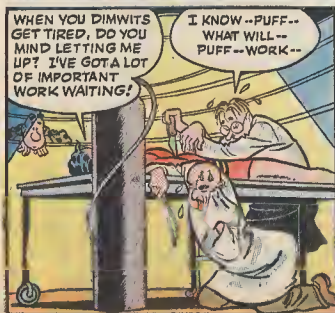
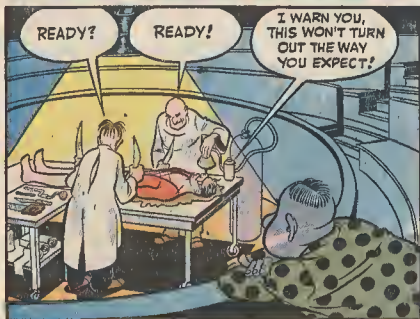
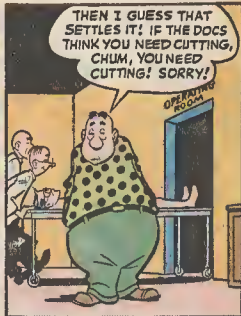
RELAX, PLASTIC MAN! WE ONLY HOPE TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF YOUR STRETCH! YOU DON'T MIND AIDING SCIENCE, I'M SURE...



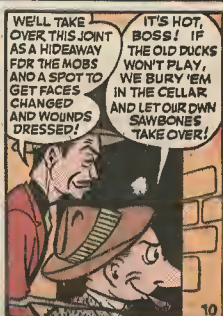
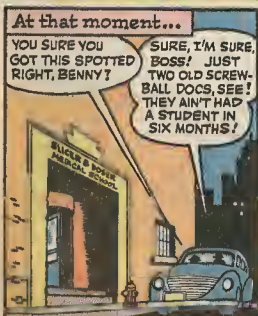
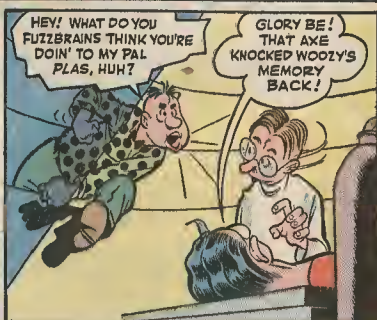
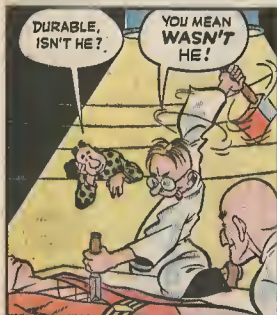
I CERTAINLY OO OBJECT! WOOLZY, GET ME OUT OF THIS GLUE!

HMMM! I WISH I COULD REMEMBER HOW I OUGHTA ACT AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

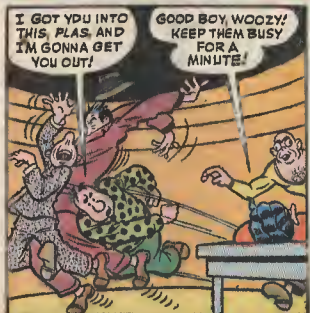
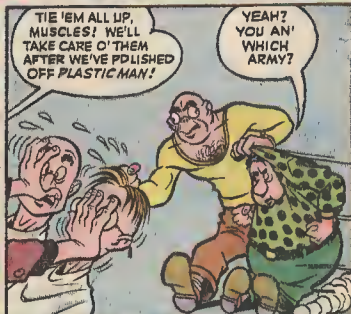
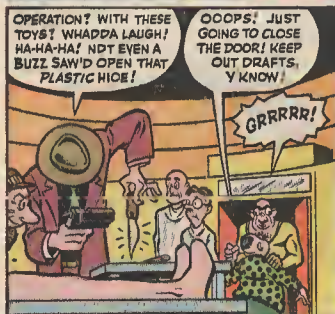
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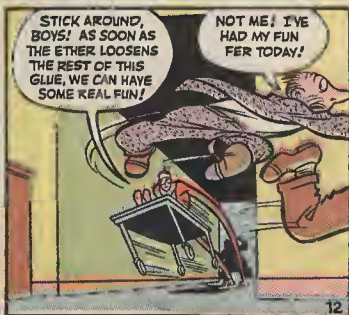
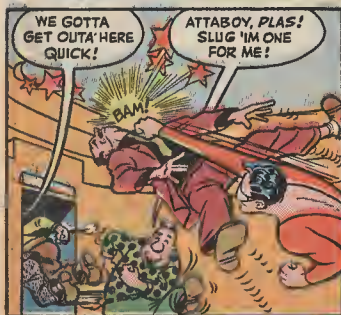


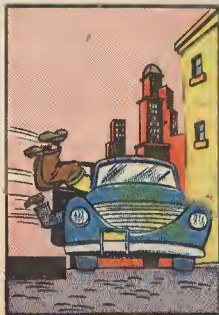
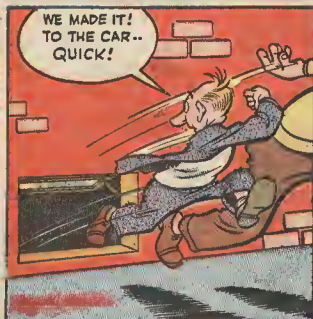
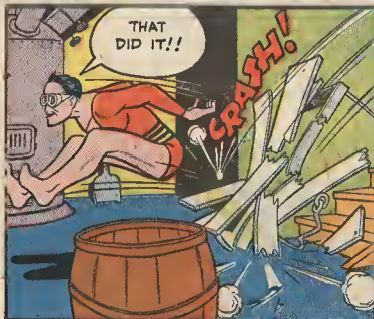
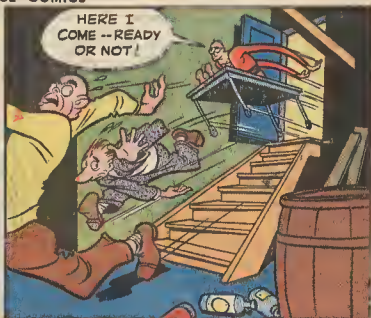
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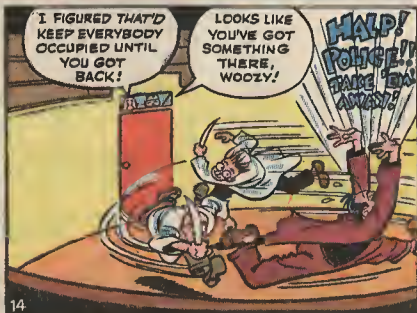
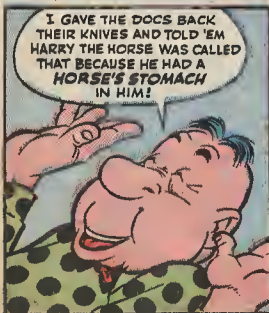
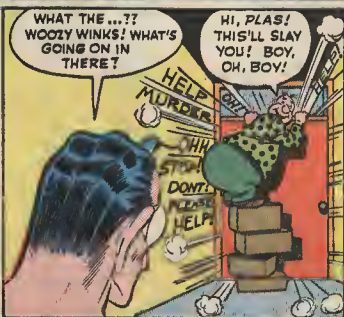
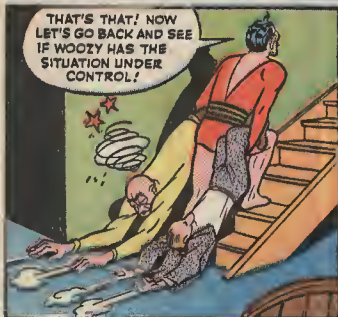
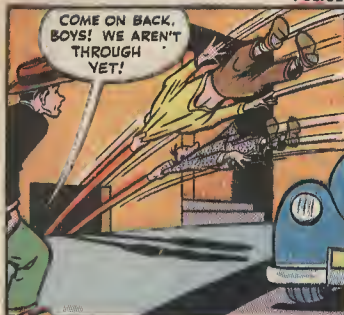


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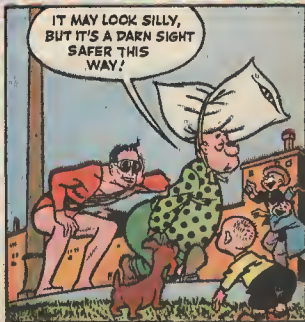
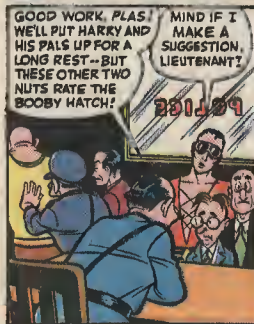
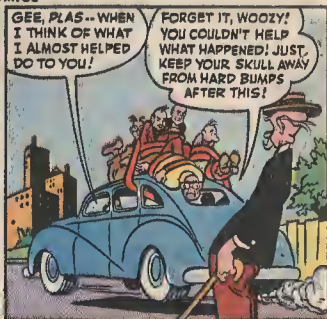
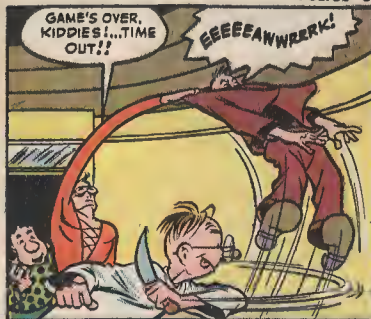








POLICE COMICS





# Flatfoot Burns

**NO!**

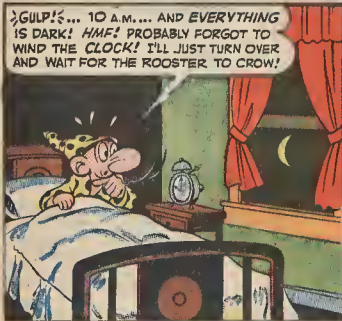
PLEASE,  
MR. SUN...  
GIVE US A  
LITTLE LIGHT!  
JUST A LITTLE!  
...PLEASE?

WHAT would **YOU** do if you awakened one morning and found the **world completely dark**?... Not only did the sun refuse to shine.. but the night continued far into the day!

**THIS** is precisely the problem that confronted Flatfoot Burns one day when...

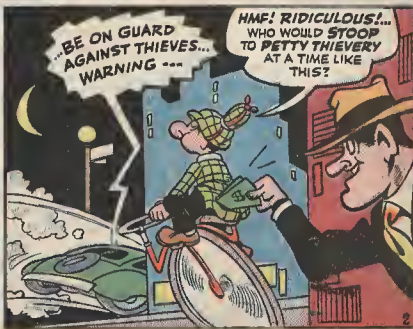
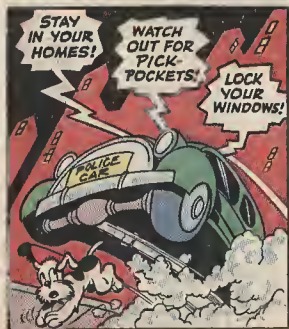
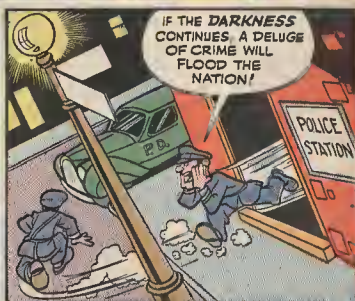
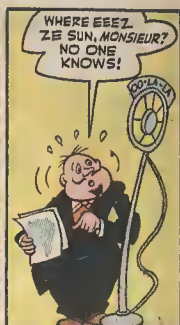
By AL STAHL

„GULP!“... 10 A.M.... AND EVERYTHING IS DARK! HMF! PROBABLY FORGOT TO WIND THE CLOCK! I’LL JUST TURN OVER AND WAIT FOR THE ROOSTER TO CROW!

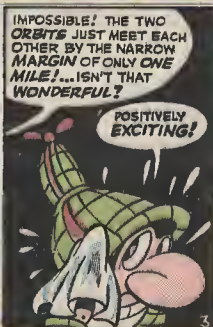
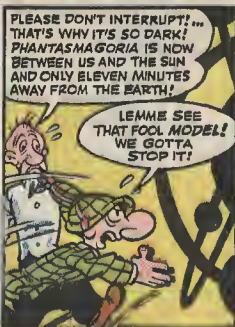
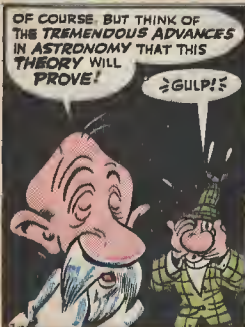
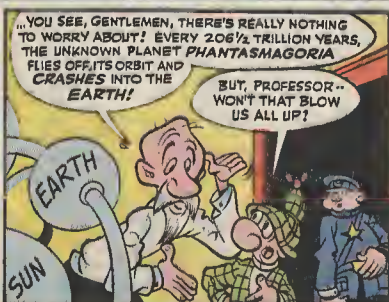
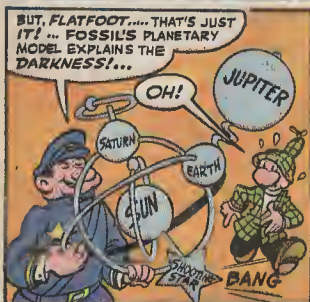
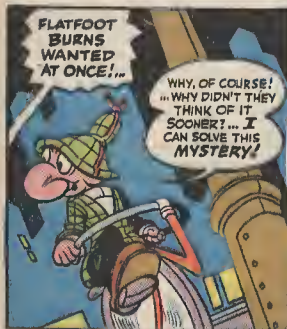


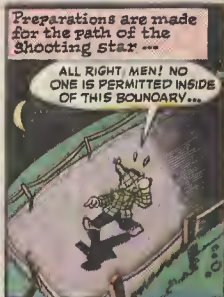
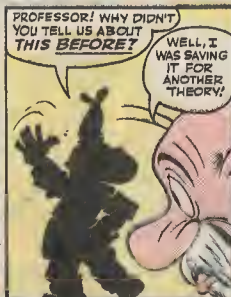
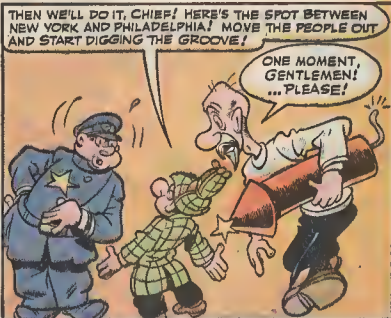
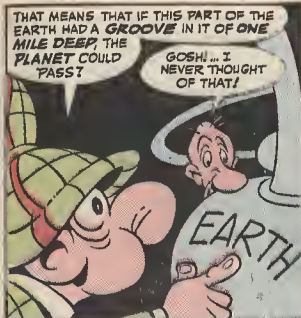
COCK-A-  
DOODLE...  
...?????  
WELL! I’LL  
BE .....



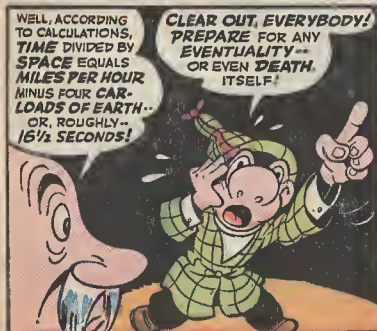
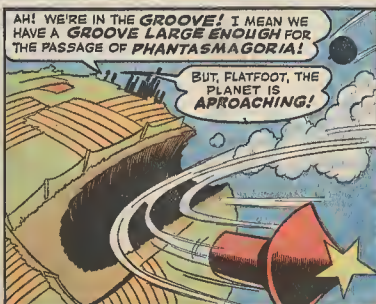
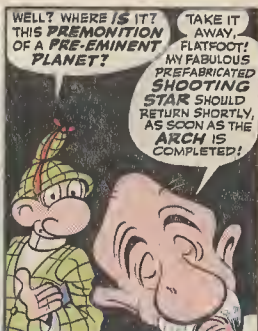




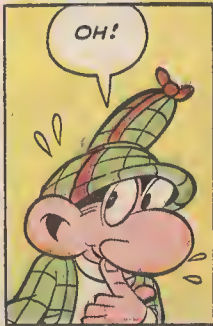
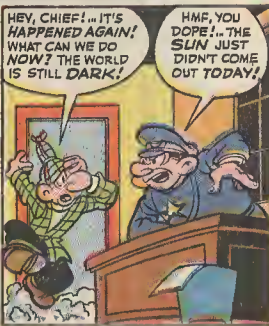
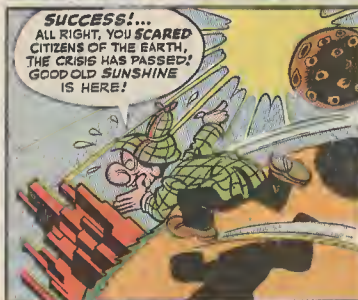
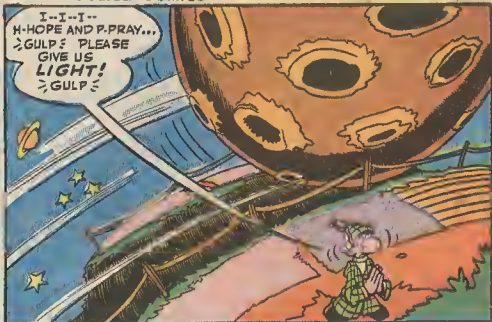
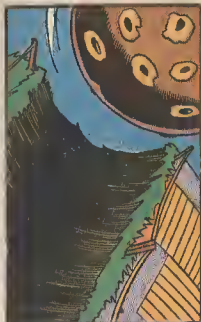








POLICE COMICS





# The Human Bomb



It is well for great minds to confer on mighty problems...

WE COULD CLEAN UP IN OUR RACKET'S EXCEPT FOR--

YES, STOGIE! EXCEPT FOR THE HUMAN BOMB!



NOT ONLY THE HUMAN BOMB, BUT THAT LITTLE SIDEKICK OF HIS, HUSTACE THROCKMORTON!

RIGHT, STOGIE! HIS FEET ARE AS EXPLOSIVE AS THE BOMB'S HANDS!



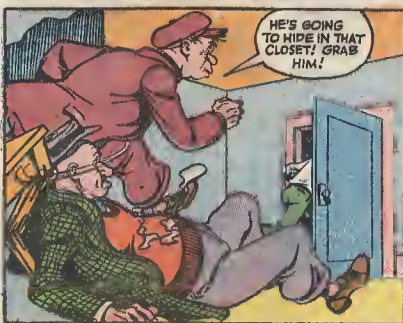
BUT THERE IS A WEAK LINK IN THE PARTNERSHIP! ROY LINCOLN--WHO RUNS THAT LABORATORY WITH HUSTACE--

MAYBE IF WE GOT TO HIM, WE COULD MESS UP HUSTACE AND THE BOMB! LET'S GO!

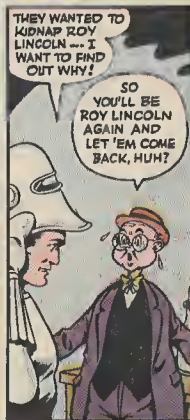
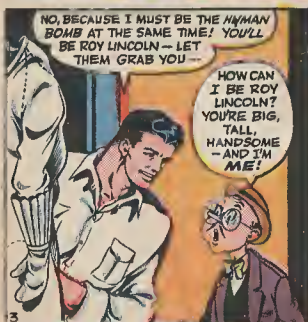


But Roy Lincoln is, himself, the **HUMAN BOMB!** And the touch of his bare knuckles is more devastating than dynamite! Also -- Hustace Throckmorton has **BOMB-POWER** in his **FEET!**

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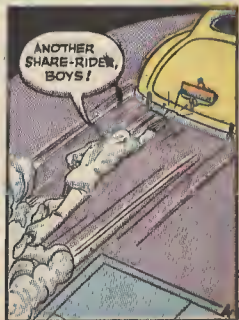
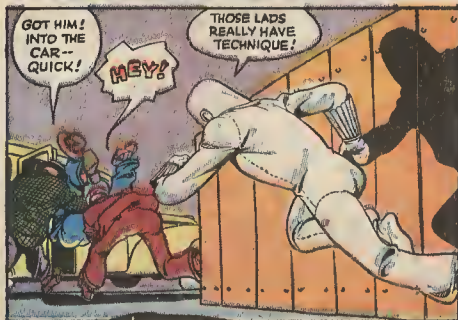
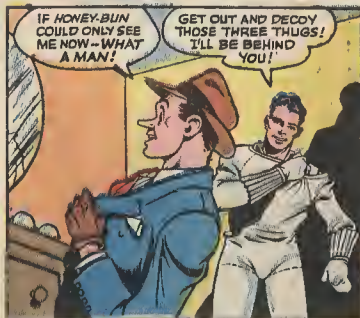


The moment is enough for Roy Lincoln to armor himself as--  
**THE HUMAN BOMB!**  
 I CAME IN THE BACK WAY! MR. LINCOLN SAYS YOU WERE RUDE!





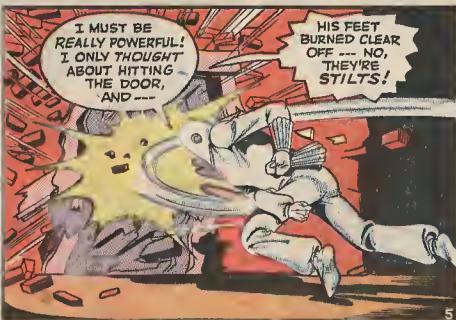
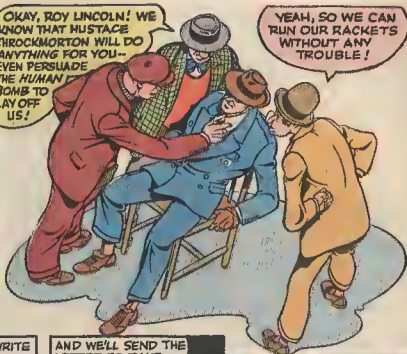
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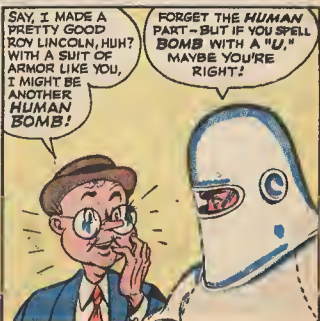
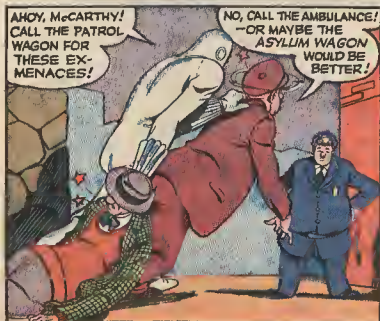
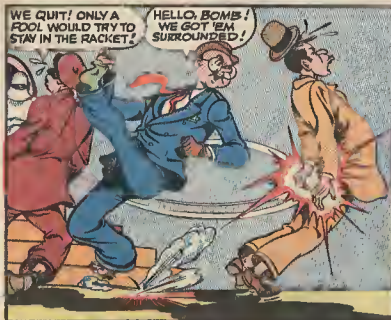
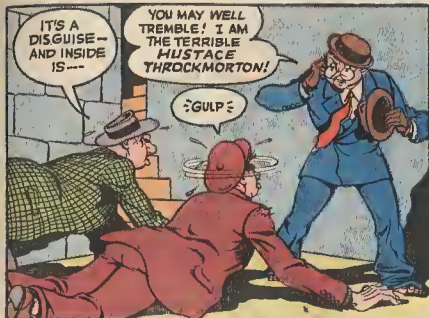
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OKAY, ROY LINCOLN! WE KNOW THAT HUSTACE THROCKMORTON WILL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU--EVEN PERSUADE THE HUMAN BOMB TO LAY OFF US!



HIS FEET BURNED CLEAR OFF --- NO, THEY'RE STILTS!

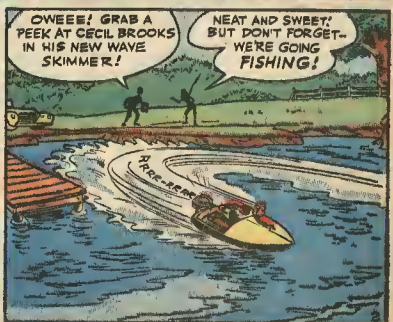
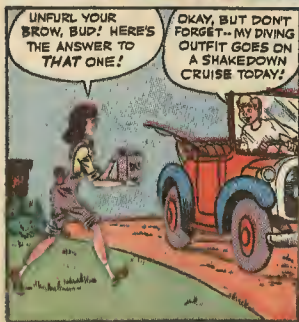
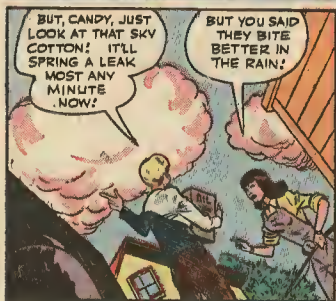
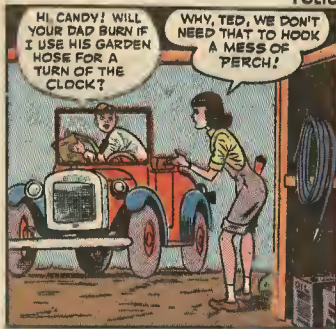


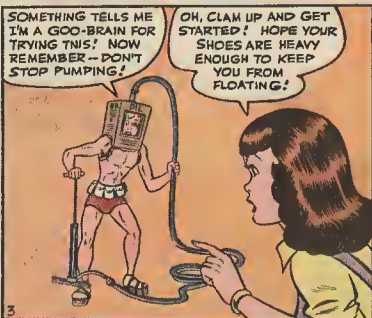
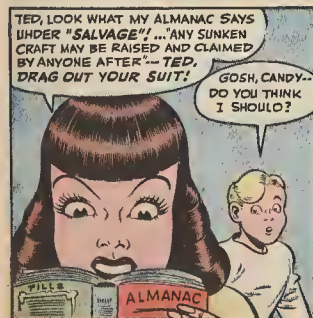
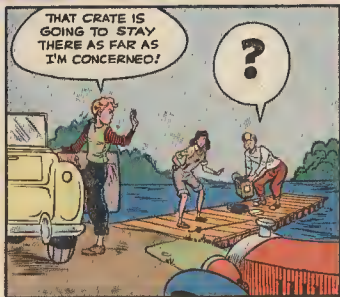
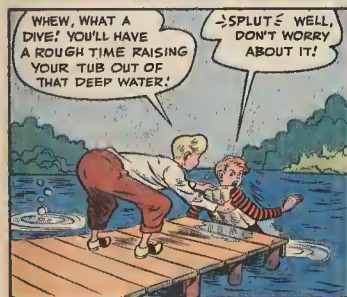
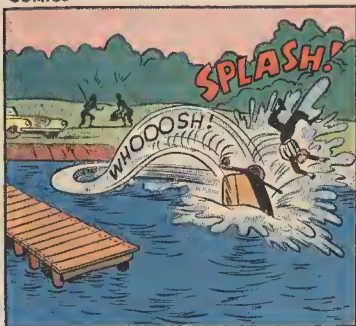


GOSH, TED'S BEEN DOWN  
THERE A LONG TIME! PUFF  
I HOPE HE PUFF-PUFFS  
DIDN'T DROWN!  
PUFF-PUFFS

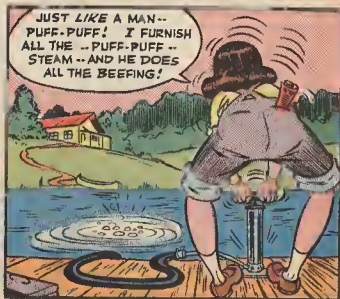
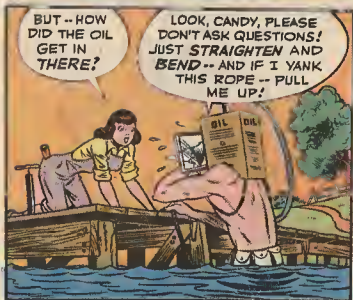
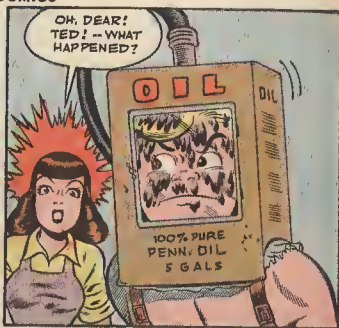
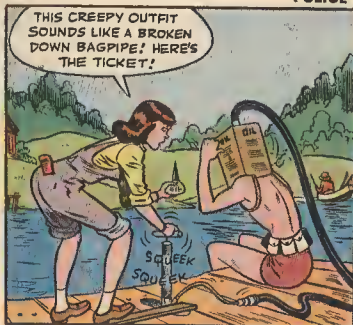


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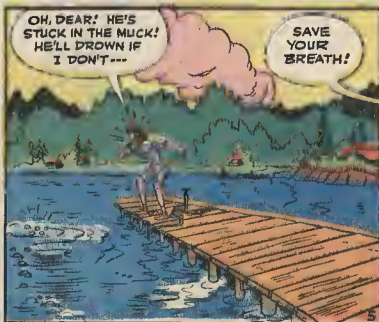
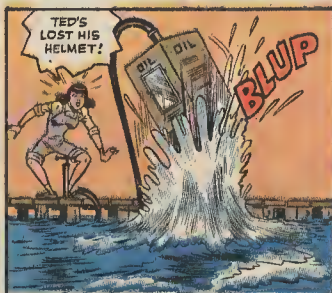
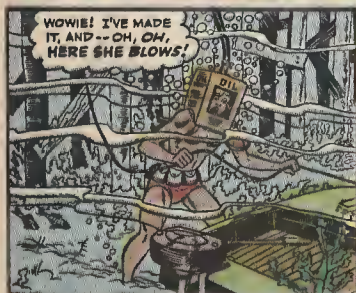
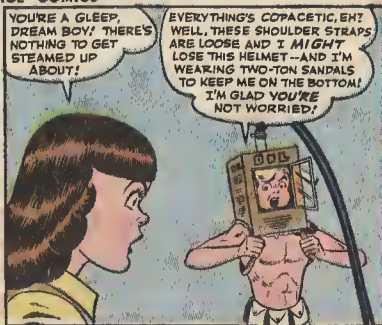
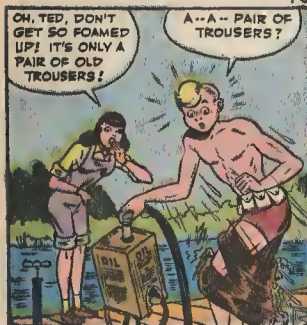




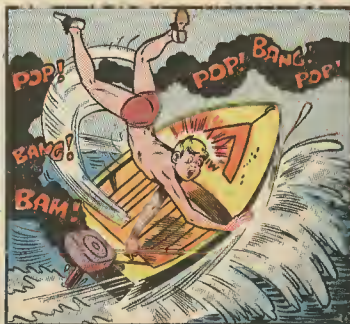
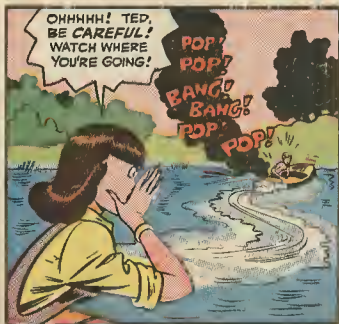
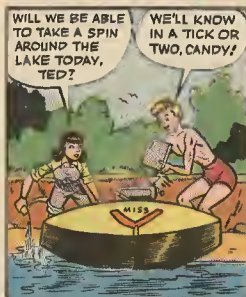
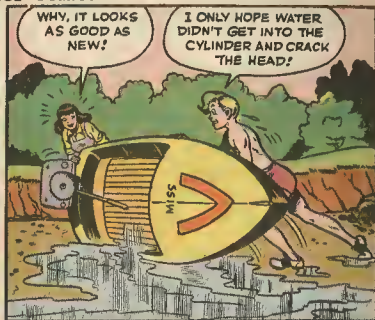
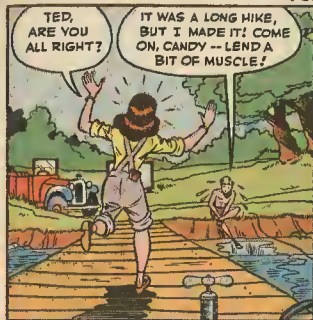




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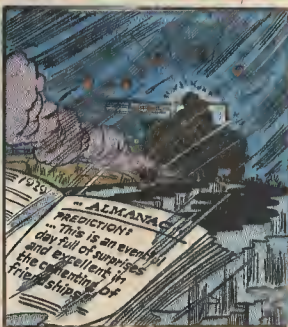
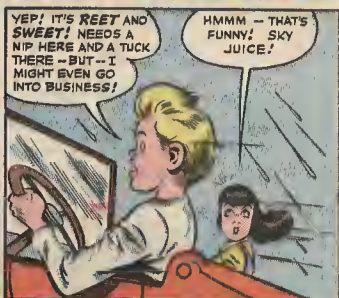
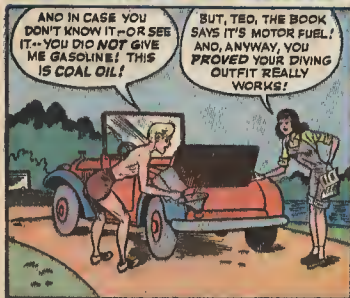
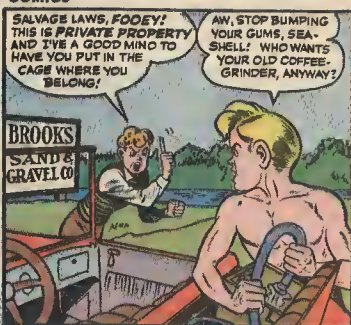
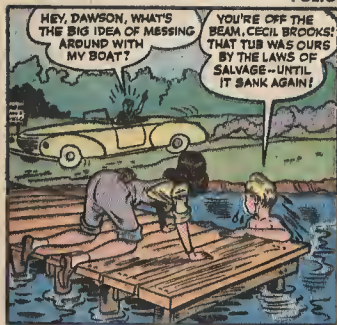


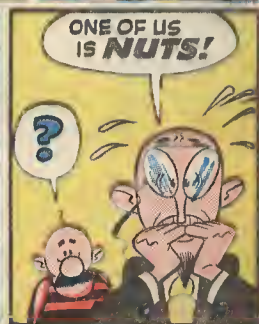
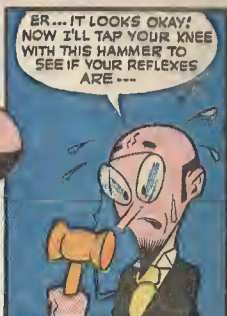
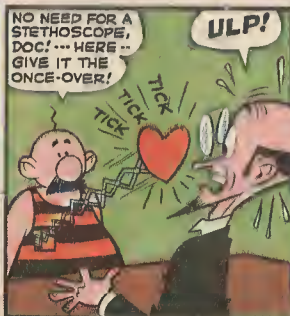
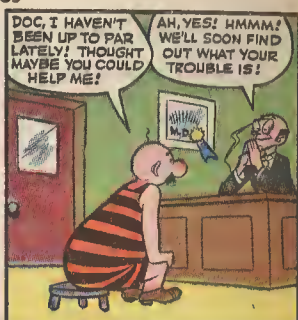
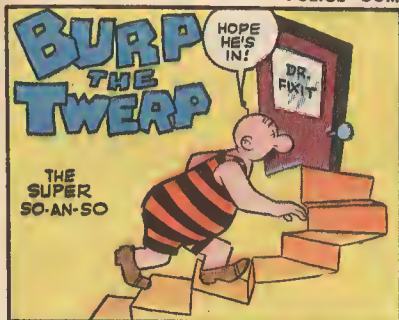
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POLICE COMICS





# Manhunter



Many a time **MANHUNTER** and his shrewd four-footed ally, **THOR**, have traced a trail to prove that **Someone COMMITTED MURDER!**

**This time it was harder to prove that someone did NOT Commit murder!**



Harper Croy has named this his **MOST CRITICAL DAY** ... little does he know **HOW CRITICAL** ...

HARPER -- DAD SAYS YOU WROTE HIM A LETTER! ... WHAT...

I WROTE THAT I WANTED TO MARRY YOU, TRUDY! HE'S WAITING NOW TO DISCUSS IT -- OLO FASHIONEO STYLE...



YOU'RE HIS OLOER COUSIN, REX -- ALWAYS ADVISED HIM! -- WAS THIS YOUR IDEA?

STRICTLY HIS IDEA, TRUDY -- AND MORE POWER TO THE BOY!



YOUR LETTER'S FAIRLY EXPLICIT, HARPER, M' BOY! A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE -- THOUGH TRUDY'S UNDER AGE!

I KNOW, SIR! THAT'S WHY I WROTE ASKING YOUR CONSENT!



LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING YOU MAY NOT KNOW! TRUDY'S REALLY MY STEPDAUGHTER! I ADOPTED HER TEN YEARS AGO!

THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME! I STILL WANT TO MARRY HER! MAY I?



IN A WORD -- NO!

WHY NOT, SIR?



I ADOPTED TRUDY AS AN INVESTMENT! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL -- DESIRABLE -- I WANT TO HAVE A RICH PRIZE THROUGH HER!

WHY DID YOU LET HER GO ON WITH ME, THEN? I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY!



NO-- BUT YOU'LL INHERIT YOUR FAMILY FORTUNE ON YOUR NEXT BIRTHDAY! SUPPOSE I SAY YOU REFUSED TO MARRY TRUDY--AND SUE YOU WITH THIS LETTER FOR EVIDENCE ---

WHAT A ROTTEN TRICK!



LET THIS KNOCK SOME DEGENCY INTO YOU!



TRUDY, DID YOU HAVE A PART IN THAT RAT'S BLACKMAILING SCHEME?

WHAT SCHEME, HARPER? WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHY ---



I BELIEVE YOU, DARLING! LET'S GO AWAY--GET MARRIED---

BUT FATHER? WHAT WILL HE DO?



WE'LL LEAVE QUICK BEFORE HE RECOVERS!

HE WON'T RECOVER, OLD BOY! HE'S STONE DEAD!



BY HEAVEN, YOU'RE RIGHT, REX! ... I KILLED HIM WITH ONE PUNCH!

DEAD! --WE MUST GET HELP--ADVICE--THE POLICE!

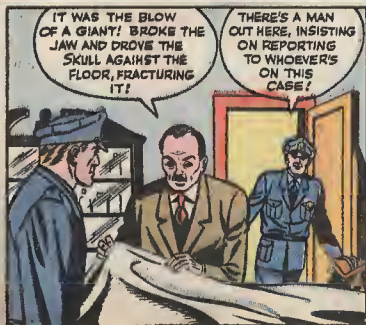
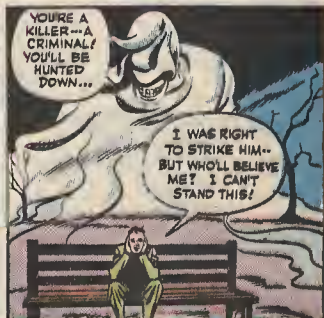


YES, OFFICER--MY FATHER'S BEEN KILLED --- NO, I CAN'T TELL YOU JUST HOW IT HAPPENED!

SHE'S MIXED UP IN THAT PLOT, HARPER! QUICK, BEFORE YOU'RE RAILROADED---CLEAR OUT!

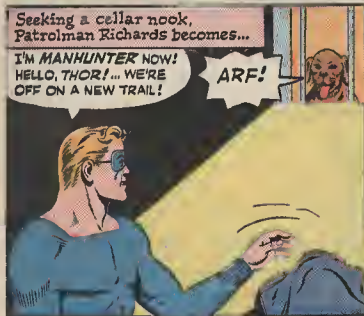
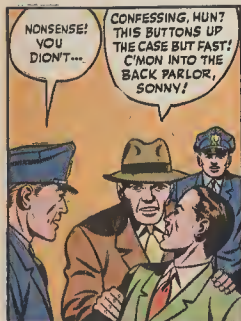


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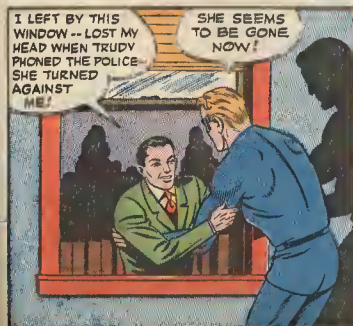
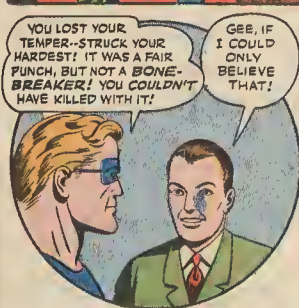
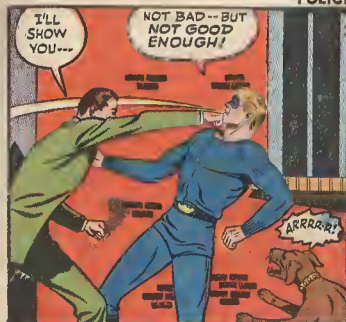




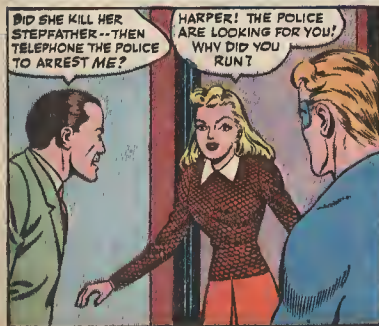
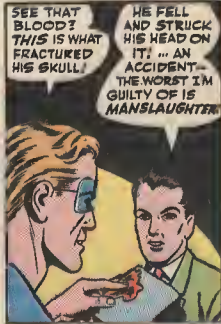
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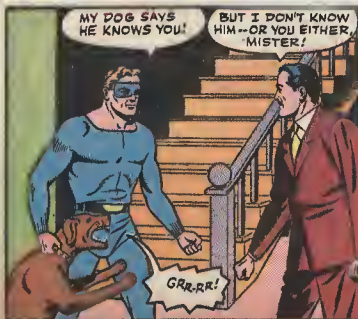
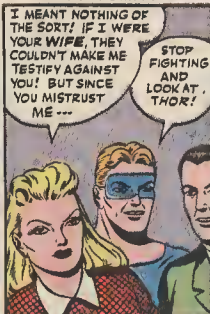


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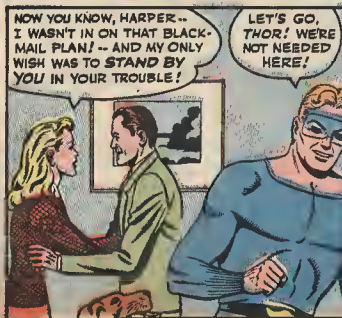
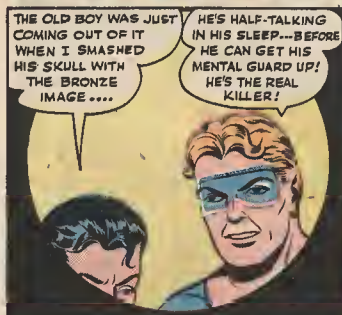
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# the CRAWLING DEATH

**DOCTOR** Erich von Gruber paced the long companionway between chart room and laboratory, scowling. The spaceship roared through the cosmic vacuum of the stratosphere at 70,000 feet; its Uranium engines making hardly a sound.

Doctor Gruber stepped into the pilot's house and studied the maze of dials and controls on the plastic panel. At this height the curvature of the earth was easily distinguishable on the radar terrain indicator.

"How long yet?" he asked one of the pilots.

"Hour, or less," replied the pilot. "We're making 2100."

"Good!" Gruber turned and left the room.

In the laboratory amidships he bent over a long bench littered with the paraphernalia of a chemist. He grunted as he read several charts over which a graph needle was slowly crawling.

He made a few adjustments, then turned to a device set into the wall. Snapping on a switch, he spoke into a transmitter:

"Attention, people of the United States! The hour of doom is at hand. . . ."

He went on, painting a grave picture of the catastrophe impending, then clicked off the machine.

In a large glass case along one wall a grayish mass moved and undulated, swelling and filling the space allowed to it, then diminishing in places as if breathing.

Doctor Gruber chuckled as

he watched the mass.

"Ah," he said, "if the fools only knew! My revenge!"

The grayish mass moved and billowed and seethed. Here was death in as strange a form as ever man had concocted. The most fantastic death ever devised. Frightful in its psychological effect, lethal in its action. Doctor Erich von Gruber smiled to himself and gloated over his great "find". With his crawling death, he held the fate of every nation in his hands. And with the harnessing of Uranium, there had come this Spaceship, the last word in speed. Gravity-defying, it could hover in empty space like a boat idling on a lake. Or it could cleave the heavens at 2000 miles an hour.

The crawling death struck! Sprouting in a forest of maples, the grayish mass grew with incredible speed, reaching out in a horrible pulpy drive to choke the forest, strangle the trees, kill every growing thing. Like a monstrous fungus growth, the mass grew, doubling in size every minute, until a veritable mountain of it rolled down over Vermont.

Panic reigned. News commentators blistered the airlines with accounts of the strange wave of mould, for that was what science had labeled it: mould. But where did it come from? Was it something from another planet? An invasion of fungus death from Mars?

Town after town was obliterated. It was as if a terrible

scythe had razed the countryside. The mass moved on, slowly, inexorably, toward the south. And now its tentacles stretched out to east and west.

Dick Mace, working eighteen hours a day in a secret laboratory just out of Denver, pondered the puzzle and came up with nothing. The giant spaceship crossed the skies and recrossed them, and the voice of the German doctor aboard gave out his warnings.

When the crawling death reached Broadway, New York went mad. Down Wall Street came the mighty wave of fungus, smothering everything in its path. Even offices on the fiftieth and twentieth floors were not immune. The terrible mould built up with startling rapidity, actually breaking windows and rolling into offices. . . .

Government officials were panicky. The Army had been called out to see what their chemical warfare department could do against the roving mass. Thus far their engineers had accomplished nothing.

Dick Mace analyzed some of the grayish stuff, only to find that it baffled analysis. That it was a form of fungus he knew, but there it ended. What kind of fungus?

Acids, chemicals, all failed to have any effect upon the mould.

While all this experimentation was going ahead, other engineers were designing a spacecraft in which to meet the mad doctor hovering above the land out of range of all shells.

## POLICE COMICS

The few aircraft that would rise to levels in the stratosphere which put them in gunnery range of the spacecraft, were far too small to carry the guns large enough for such bombardment. No, they would have to meet the doctor on his own level.

But with what?

It was quickly noticed that the grayish mass moved much slower through cities than it did through the open country. Steel and stone seemed impervious to its effects, but wood crumbled into powder. Therefore, it was felt that modern buildings would not be harmed a great deal. However, furnishings in offices made of wood suffered almost instant disintegration.

Dick Mace took a routine flight to inspect the after-effects of the mass. The wooded area had disappeared, and the mass had moved on, leaving utter desolation.

It was while flying over part of Massachusetts that he discovered something significant. A storm blew up, with vivid lightning flashing in the east and a shattering volley of thunder.

Dick dropped lower, out of the worst of it and sped along at 500 feet. It quickly grew dark, and Dick wanted to get back to his home field before it got worse. All below him lay a carpet of the gray mouldy mass!

"Gee," said Dick to himself, "if only I could figure out a way to beat this. It's stifling the whole country."

Early the next morning a call came into the airport for Dick. It was from the Coast Guard station at Logan, Maine.

"Listen, Mr. Mace," said the

excited voice of the guard, "something funny's happened up here . . . yeah. Better come right up. . . . You'll see it long before you get here, if it's the same everywhere."

"Well," said Dick as he hung up, "Now that's something!"

He hurried through a light breakfast and then hopped into his plane. In a few hours he was roaring over New England. And soon he saw what the guard had meant. The storm . . . and what a change! The whole area was affected. . . .

Dick flew back and got busy at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. He had every available scientist working on a theory to defeat the mad Doctor Gruber.

If this worked, then the German would be at a loss for further damage with his atrocious mould. For five days they worked constantly, testing, perfecting.

And in the interim the crazy man in the spaceship thundered through the stratosphere, scattering the seeds of his terrible plague. By now it had reached parts of the West Coast, engulfing some of the most valuable

timber lands.

On the sixth day Dick was ready for a real test. Two huge Army bombers roared up from the Washington airfield, towing a strange looking network of copper cables. Inside one of the machines was a powerful dynamo. When the ships were at the edge of the gray mass, the power was turned on. A man-made thunder and lightning storm issued from the copper netting. . . .

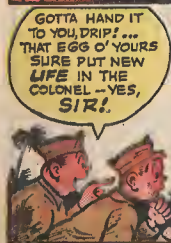
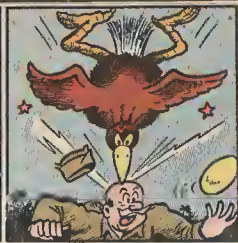
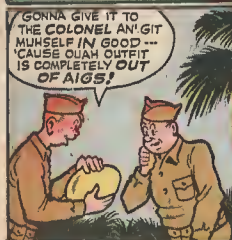
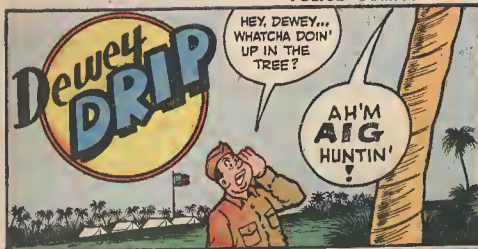
The newspapers next day carried these headlines:

"Dick Mace, young crime investigator, develops solution to Spaceship's menace — artificial storm."

The story went on to tell that purely by accident the cure to Doctor Gruber's crawling death had been found. Whereas the mould refused to succumb to acids and potent chemicals, it broke down and was quickly dispelled under a bombardment of lightning—natural or otherwise.

Soon the land was free of the mould, and then the Spaceship was seen no more through the telescopes which had followed its course for so many days.

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# THE SPIRIT

by *Will Eisner*

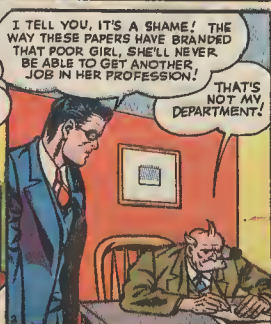
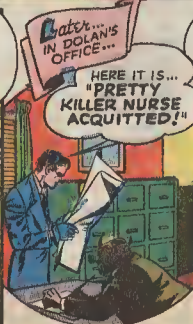
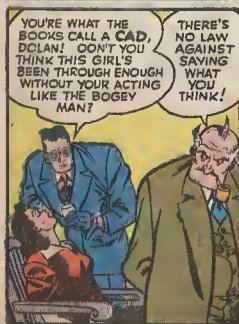
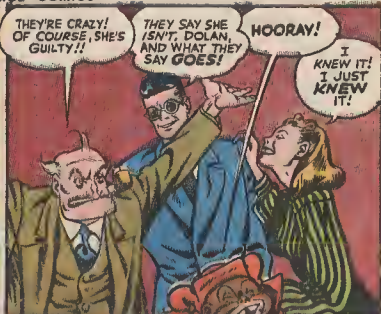
GENTLEMEN  
OF THE JURY,  
HAVE YOU  
REACHED A  
VERDICT?

WE HAVE,  
YOUR HONOR!

POOR MARY  
SELWYN! ... I'M  
SURE SHE WOULDN'T  
HARM A FLY ... AND  
IN A MINUTE  
SHE'LL KNOW  
HER FATE!

POOR  
MARY  
SELWYN, MY  
GRANDMOTHER!  
SHE'S GUILTY  
OF  
MURDER!





**MEANWHILE, MARY SELWYN TRIES TO REGAIN HER PLACE IN SOCIETY...**

THIS IS THE LAST PLACE I CAN GO TO!... IF I DON'T GET A JOB HERE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

MARY SELWYN! I SHOULD SAY WE HAVEN'T A PLACE FOR YOU!

BUT WHY NOT? I'M A COMPETENT NURSE!

MY DEAR GIRL!... YOUR REPUTATION ALONE WOULD BE ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN A PATIENT TO DEATH, ONCE HE FOUND OUT WHO YOU WERE! WHY, THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS ABOUT THE NURSE WHO WHEELED HER INVALID PATIENT OFF A CLIFF, TO COLLECT THE FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS HE HAD DECIDED TO LEAVE HER IN HIS WILL!

BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! I WAS ACQUITTED, AND I MUST HAVE A JOB!

THE WORLD THINKS YOUR PRETTY FACE - NOT YOUR INNOCENCE, SWAYED THE JURY! I CAN'T GET YOU A JOB!

MARY SELWYN!

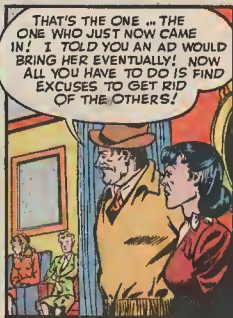
WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

YOU MAY AS WELL PUT ME BACK IN JAIL! IT'S EITHER STARVATION OR SUICIDE FOR ME NOW! NOBODY WILL GIVE ME A JOB! I'M THE KILLER NURSE!

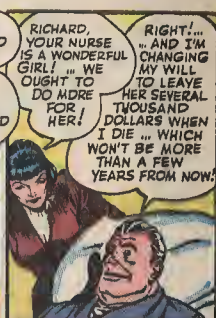
HERE, HERE! IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD! LET'S GET AWAY FROM DOLAN, THE OGRE, AND WE CAN TALK IT OVER!

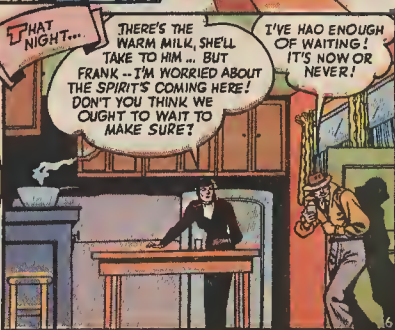
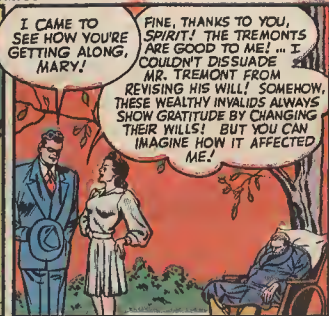
HARUMPH!



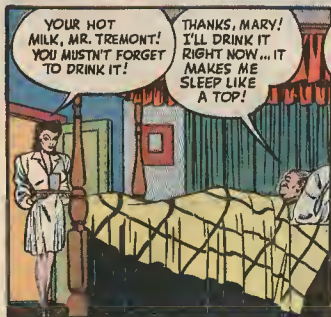


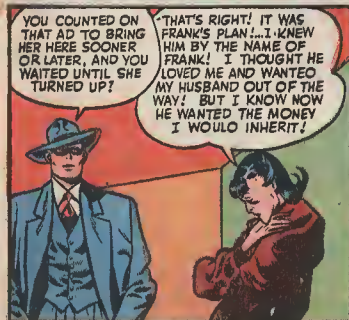
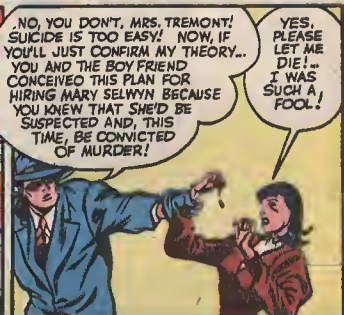
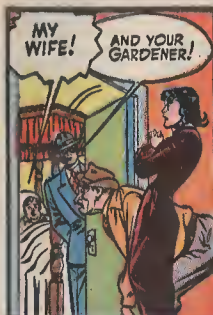
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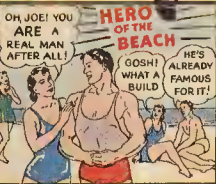
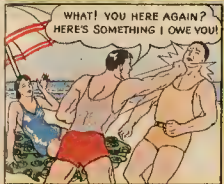
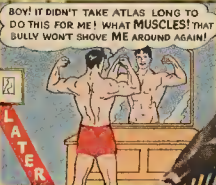
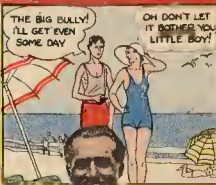
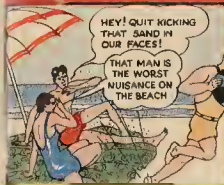






HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

# FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

IF YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 33010 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 33010  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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# TOOTSIE

AND THE RETURN OF DR. NARSTY

BY G. BECK AND PETER COFFMAN

A MEETING OF THE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SECRET LEGION HAS BEEN CALLED AT THE HOME OF CADWALLADER VAN TILDEN, A NEW MEMBER.

IT WAS NICE OF CADWALLADER'S MOTHER TO LET US MEET AT THEIR HOUSE, ROLLO! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MIND OUR MANNERS IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL HOME!

I GUESS MRS. VAN TILDEN MUST BE TICKLED PINK ABOUT CADWALLADER'S BEING ACCEPTED AS A LEGION MEMBER, CAPT TOOTSIE!

MOTHER, THIS IS THE FAMOUS CAPT. TOOTSIE I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ABOUT!

HOW DO YOU DO, CAPT. TOOTSIE? I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR SECRET LEGION FROM CADWALLADER! HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT TOOTSIE COUNTERSIGN HE'S BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT?

WHEN ANYONE'S IN DISTRESS HE GIVES THE COUNTERSIGN "T FOR TOOTSIE" AND THE SECRET LEGION MEMBERS ANSWER IT BY COMING TO HIS ASSISTANCE!

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MEETING HERE IN THE RUMPUS ROOM, NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO UPSTAIRS TO HAVE MY BEAUTY FACIAL. I DON'T WANT TO KEEP THE MAN WAITING. HE'S PIERRE OF PARIS, YOU KNOW!

THIS IS A WONDERFUL PLACE, MRS. VAN TILDEN! THANKS!

UPSTAIRS, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

AN ZEE'S SPECIALLY PREPARED MUD PACK WILL GIVE MADAME A FACE OF UNSURPASSED LOVE-LINESS.

HEH! HEH! WHEN THIS CEMENT HARDENS, SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO SCREAM AND I CAN STEAL THESE JEWELS!

MUMPH! UGH-AWWWK!

THIS CEMENT HARDENS QUICKLY AND PIERRE OF PARIS, ALIAS DR. NARSTY, EXECUTES ONE OF THE COOLEST GEM THEFTS IN ALL HISTORY.

HEY, MOM! HEY, MOM! CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?

CURSES! WHO'S COMING?

I HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING! I MUST GO! DO NOT TOUCH ZEE MUDDER WHILE IT IS THAT I AM AWAY!

HEY, CADWALLADER! LOOK AT YOUR MOM!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED TO HER?

SHE'S GIVING THE COUNTERSIGN!

I'LL GET CAPTAIN TOOTSIE...

TOOTSIE!

...AND CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A JIPPI!

A HAH! PIERRE OF PARIS OR RATHER DR. NARSTY! UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, EH?

WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK!

HERE, FATSO, PASS THESE ARROUND! TOOTSIE ROLLS WILL GIVE YOU ALL EXTRA ENERGY FOR ANY JOB!

A SKILL PLAYST OF ROLLO TOOTSIE-TOOTER...



**HI PALS!** ROLLO AND I EAT LOTS OF CHEWY, CHOCOLATEY **TOOTSIE ROLLS** BECAUSE THEY'RE CHOCK-FULL OF **ENERGY!**

\* TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Try a TOOTSIE!



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